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PUNISHED!

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PROLOGUE

by Guy Strangeways, Editor

The magazine you now hold is something a bit different for HOM. When the full story behind its genesis is told, you will read about it in headlines and bulletins in publications whose circulation is far beyond our own. It is the story of a heretofore unheralded island nation known as The Peoples Democracy Of Dariabah. It is a land where the law is strict, the punishments for breaking that law cruel, and where women, guilty women, criminal women, are taught lessons that last.

We present here a chronicle, the first of many, of just such a woman, and her sentence served at the People's Prison And Attitude Readjustment Center in the island's capitol city of Wonza. This foreboding institution is a place from which muffled screams can be heard at all hours, and a complex whose very name is never spoken by the citizens of Dariabah, and especially not by the females of that forsaken land, who make up an unusually high proportion of the inmates there.

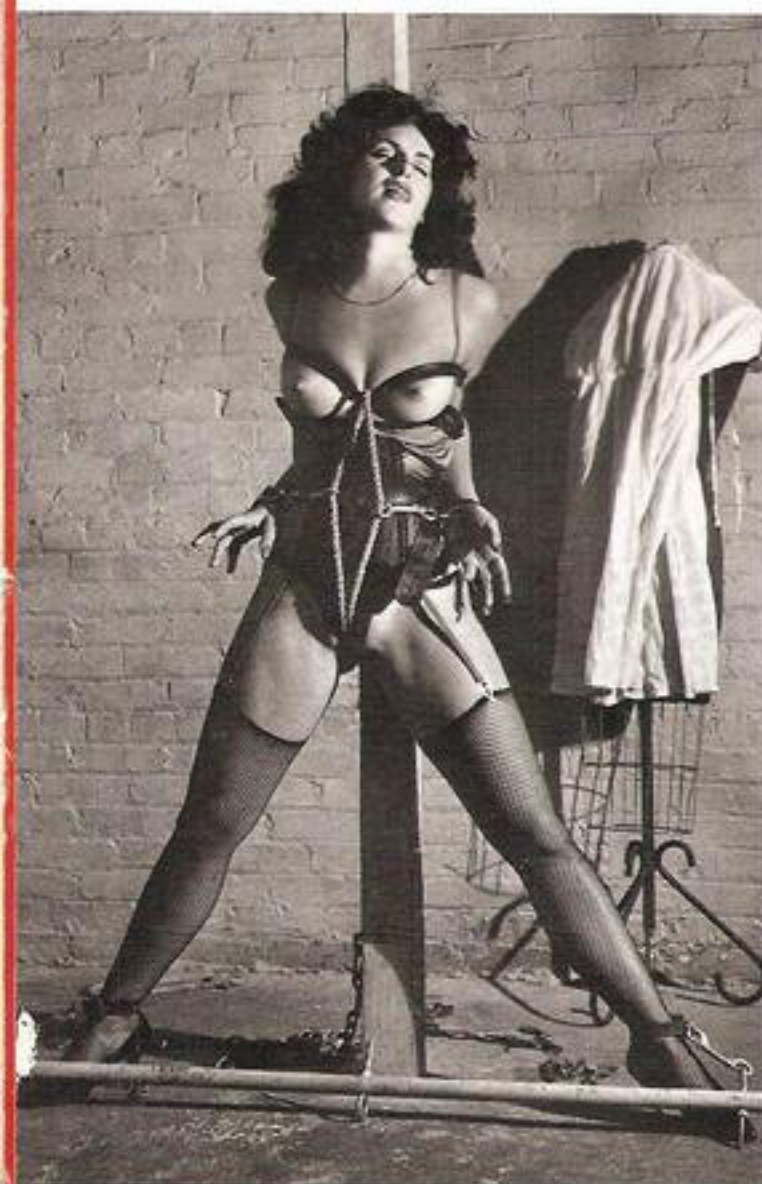
By the way, it is also a known statistical fact that the entire staff of warders at the prison is also female. It is thought by the "enlightened" penologists of Dariabah that the psychologically humiliating effect of the prisoners' punishments is enhanced by having them delivered by those of their own sex. That is the official explanation. The other, less public reason for this system is the well-known fact that the female of the species is by far the crueler, and knows better how to inflict judicial agony on those of her own sex than any man might do.

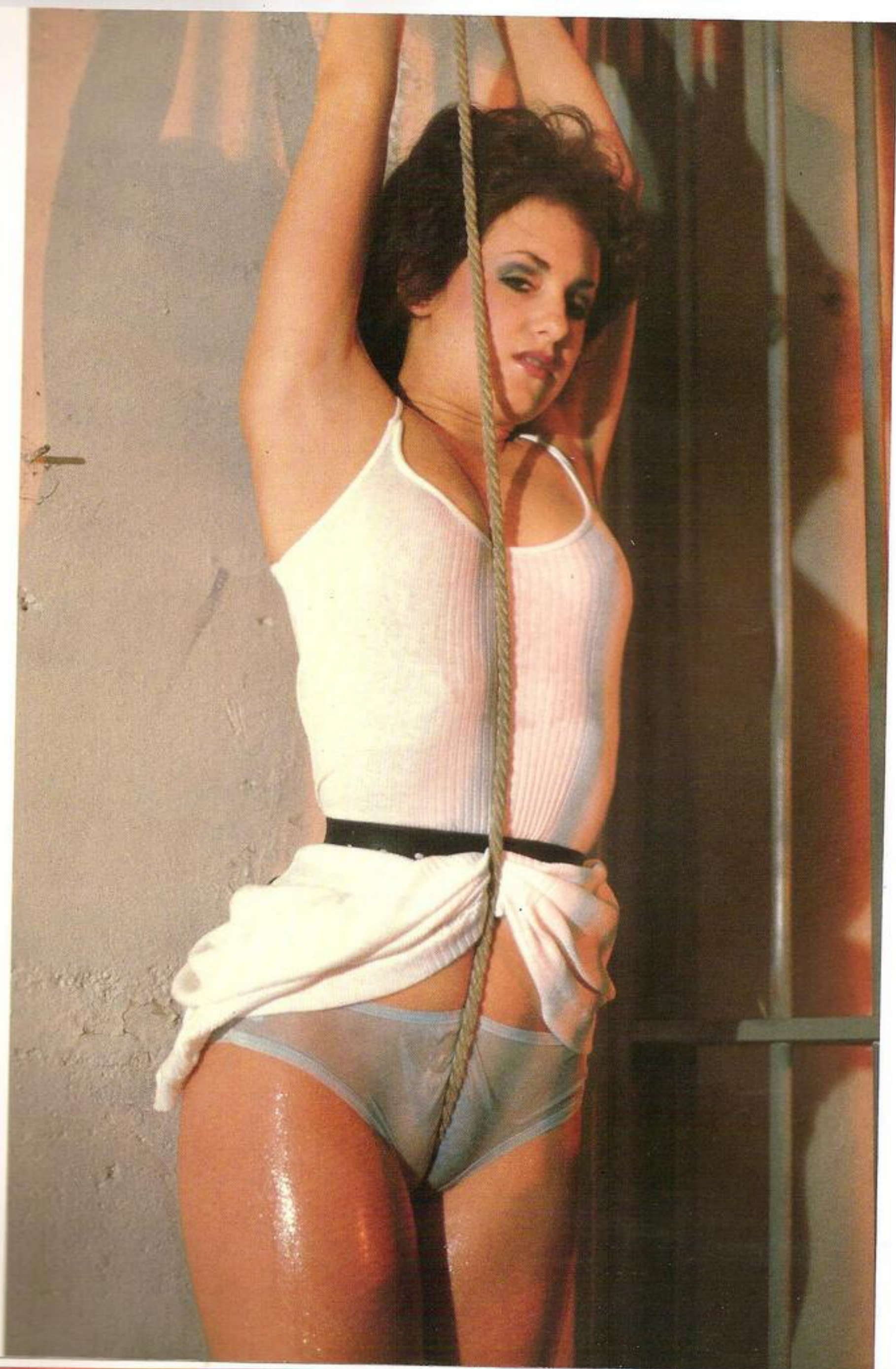
So while you watch the torments visited upon the body and mind of the luscious Amanda Flynn, and as you read the descriptions of other torments our pages cannot portray in photography, as written by the Chief Wardress A. DeVere herself, remember this: These are not crimes of cruelty, but rather duly authorized legal chastisements, wholly sanctioned by proper governmental decree. This prisoner has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to these cruelly unusual punishments. She has been deemed to deserve them. This is justice. This is the Law. This is MAXIMUM PUNISHMENT! We hope you enjoy it.

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NAME: Amanda Flynn

NUMBER: P24601

CRIMES: Hooliganism, Counter-Revolutionary Activity,
Sexual Promiscuity, Parricide, Blatant Nymphomania

SENTENCE: MAXIMUM PUNISHMENT

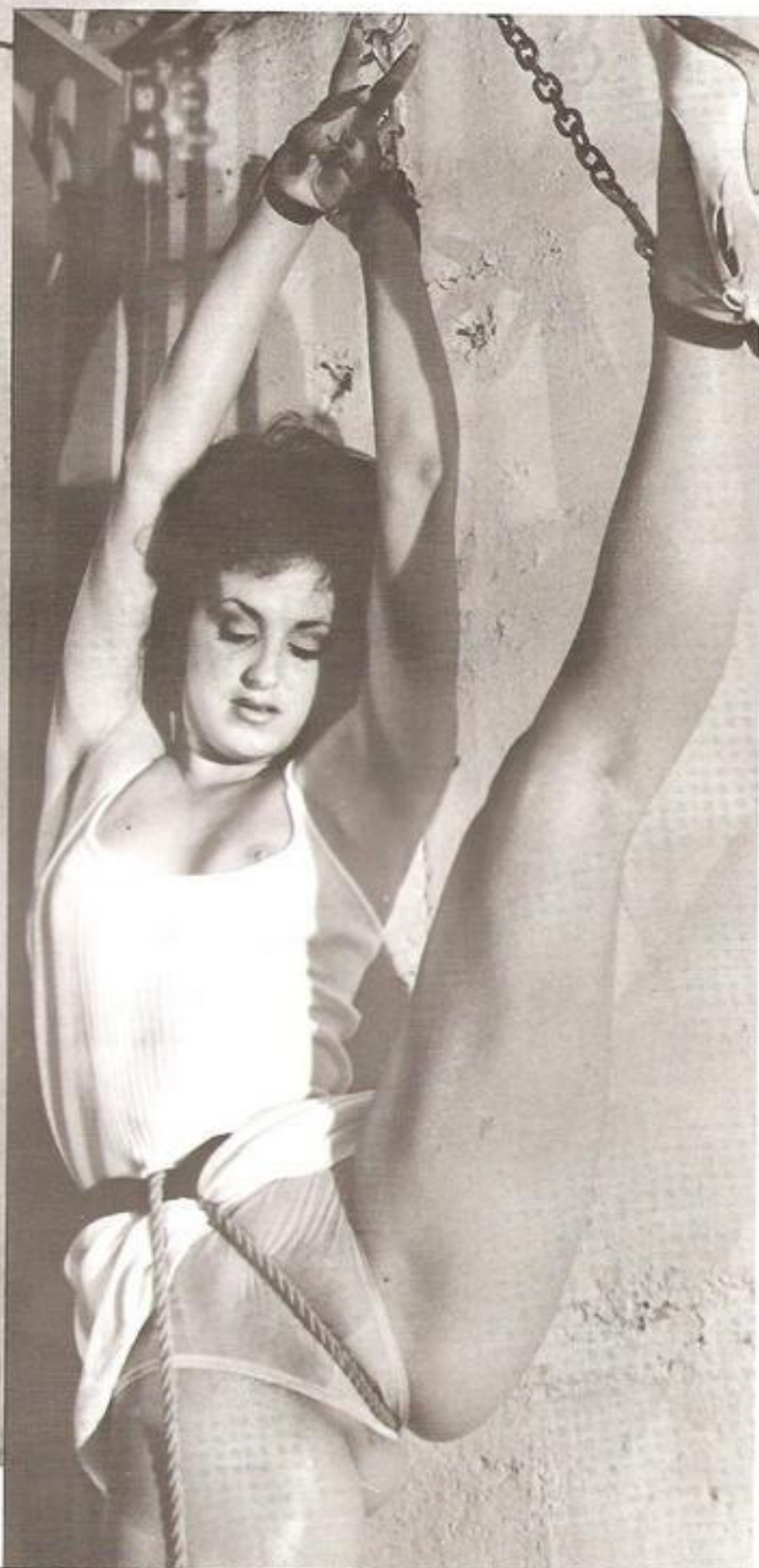
FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF WARDRESS A. DeVERE

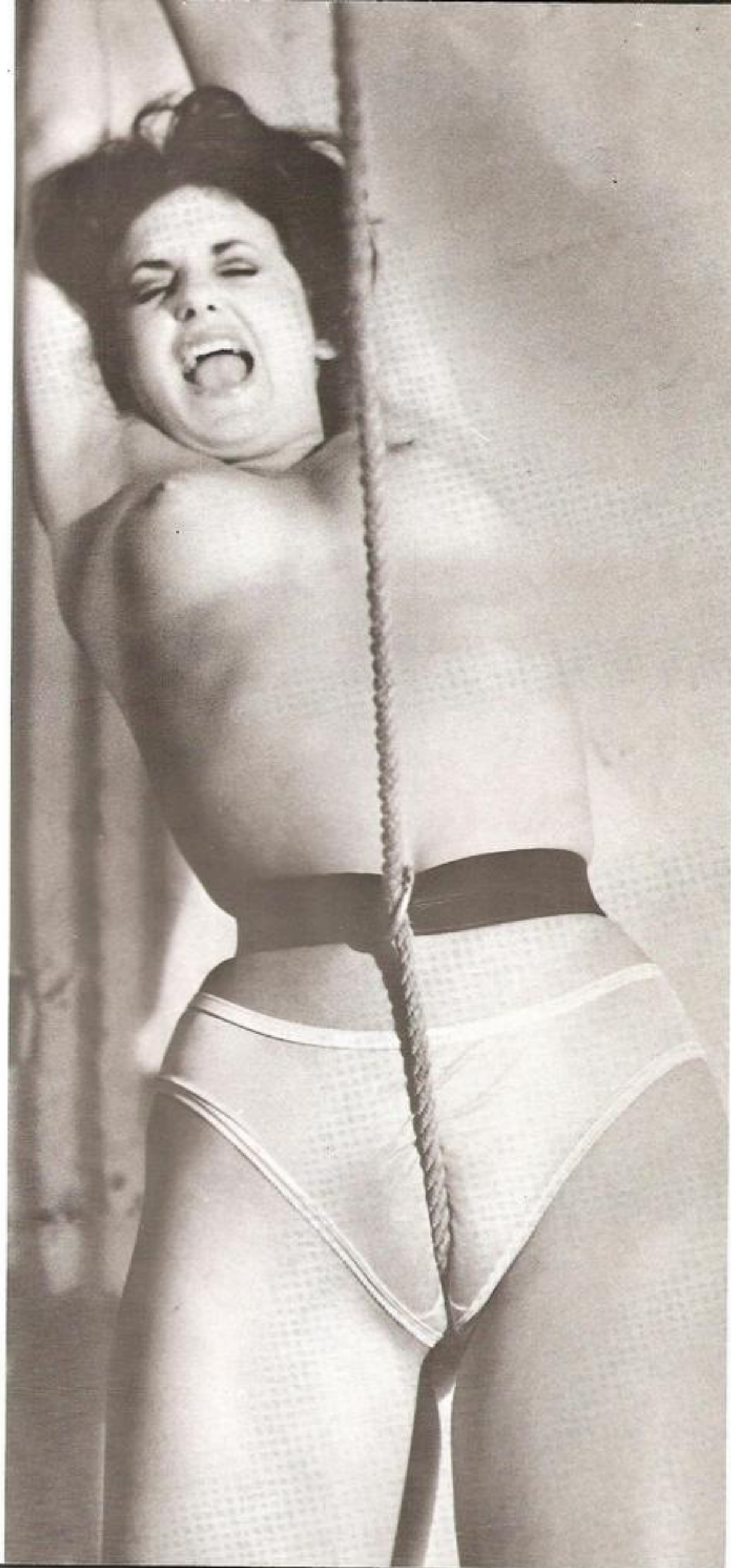
The primary goal of our treatment of prisoners such as this Flynn bitch is to totally break their will. They come in here smelling of the high life, fine perfumes, and wealthy men. We delouse them with sprays that teach them the smell of camphor and alcohol and lye. They still have vague impressions that they may be free, even with the natural fear that any citizen must have upon being sentenced to this justly famous or infamous institution. We cure that. Speedily. Surely. Painfully.





She is stripped at once, of course, as all prisoners must be. She is stripped without the ceremony and coquettishness with which, I'm sure, she usually removes her own clothing. This is not a show, nor a pantomime of feminine charm. This is punishment. Maximum punishment. She will learn this quickly, for her own good. Some learn slower, and suffer more. But either way, they learn. They learn in order to survive.













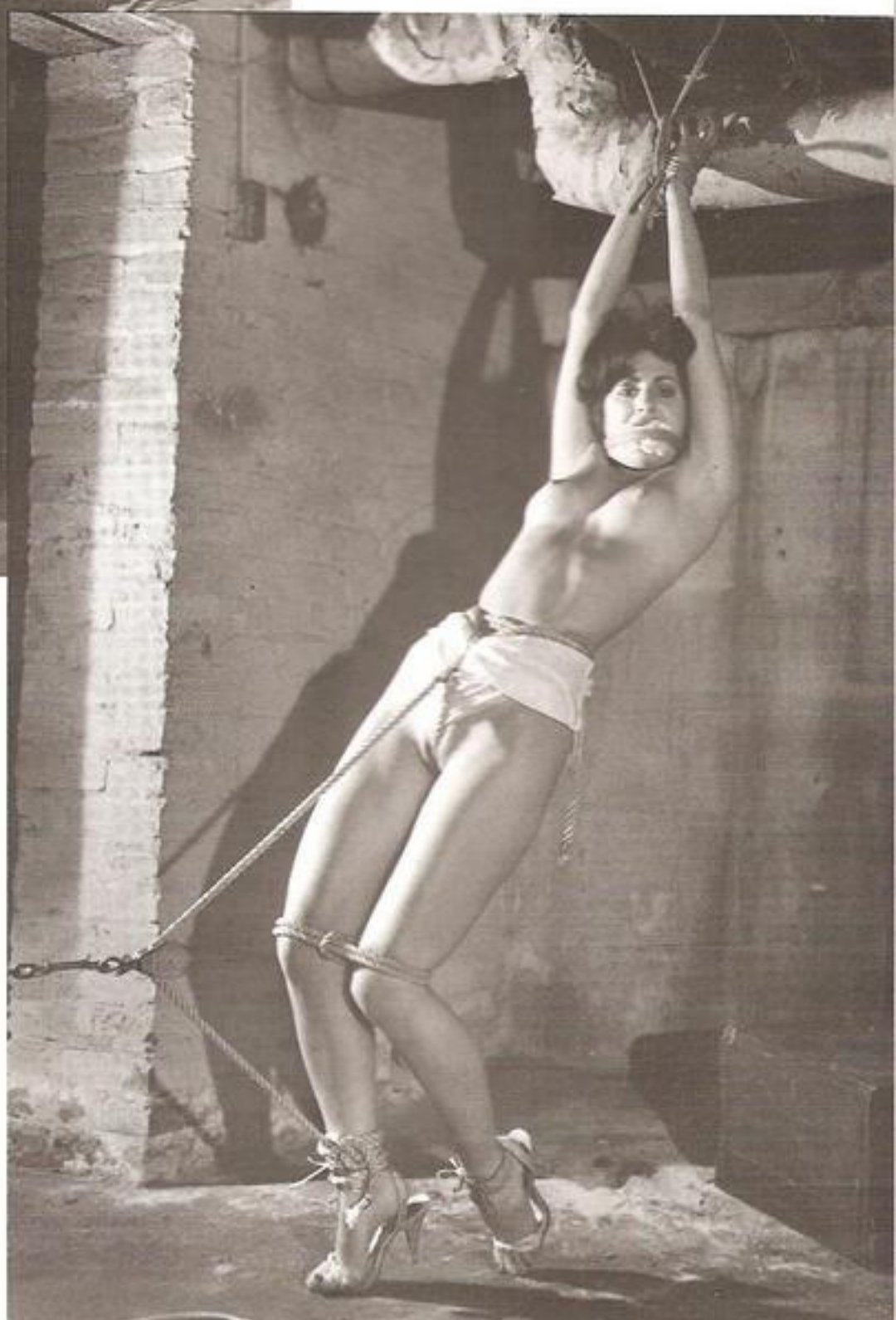


Flynn has a big mouth. I shut it for her. I often use a she-prisoner's own soiled panties to gag her with. It adds to her humiliation, and humiliation is a major part of the punishment we mete out here. So is force, judiciously applied. The moment we met, I slapped the wench silly, taking care to first bind her in a very vulnerable position, and then showed her just how vulnerable she really was.

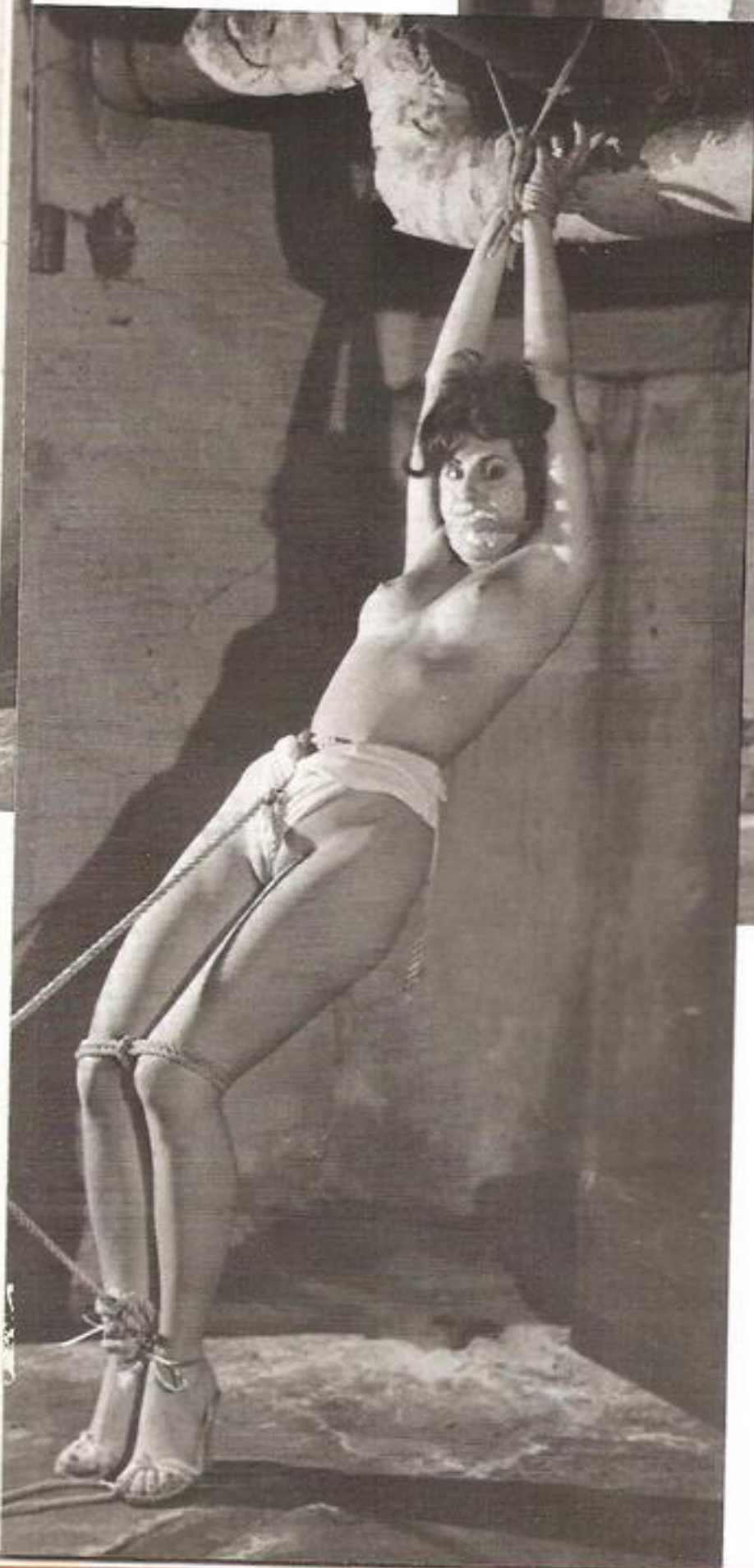
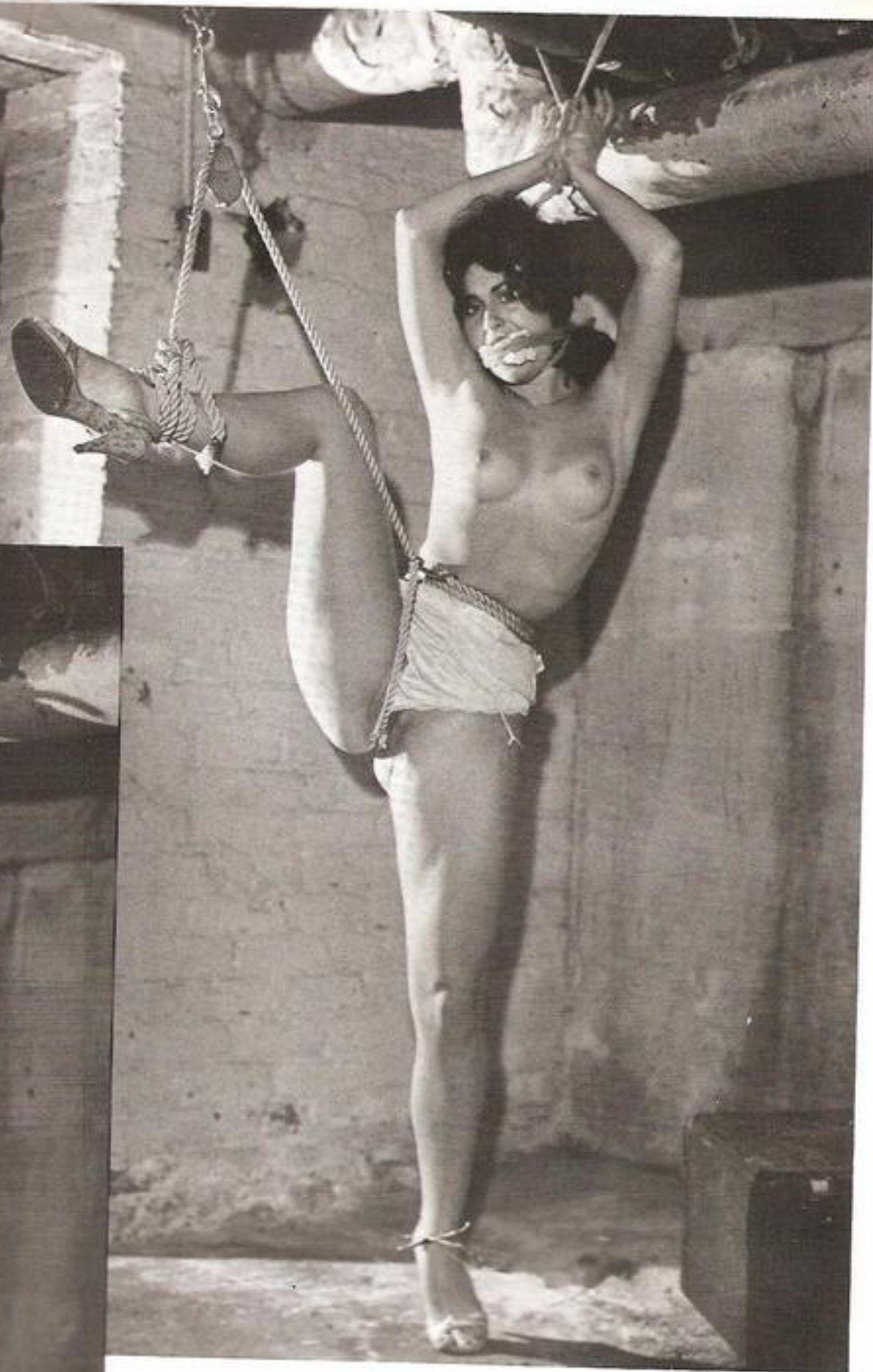
Nipples are good for this. Nipples can take a lot of punishment, but they make their owner think otherwise as she screams for mercy while my sharp nails and vise-like fingers pinch her ripe cherries almost off her chest. I actually lifted Flynn in her ropes by her tits. She was amazed at my strength, but too busy suffering to pay me any compliments. That kind of disrespect will be remembered...and punished at some opportune time as well.



We do not "rehabilitate" here in Dariabah. We punish. We take society's just revenge on the minds and bodies of those who dared to step outside the bounds of decency. This cunt, for example, had the audacity to bring the sins of the decadent West to our haven of purity. She actually had the brazen shamelessness to set herself up as a prostitute in our capital city of Wonza, renting a luxurious penthouse apartment and catering to the perversities of various foreign diplomats and businessmen, for naturally no son of Dariabah would ever dare indulge in such filth.







To those who would call us barbarous, I would only point to the evidence. This whore was not simply swept up in an instant and done away with, as is a common practice in the so-called "democracies" of the West. No, we investigated. We inquired. Our security police, obeying legal warrants, placed viewing and listening devices in her den of sin, and spent months gathering evidence against the prisoner and her co-conspirators. The fact that the tapes are being held by our Department Of International Security's Foreign Influence division for use in various ways to convince these alien devils to assist our young nation in its development is of no consequence. The only point that matters is this: This prisoner deserves to be punished, and it is my job to see to it that she is punished, and punished well.

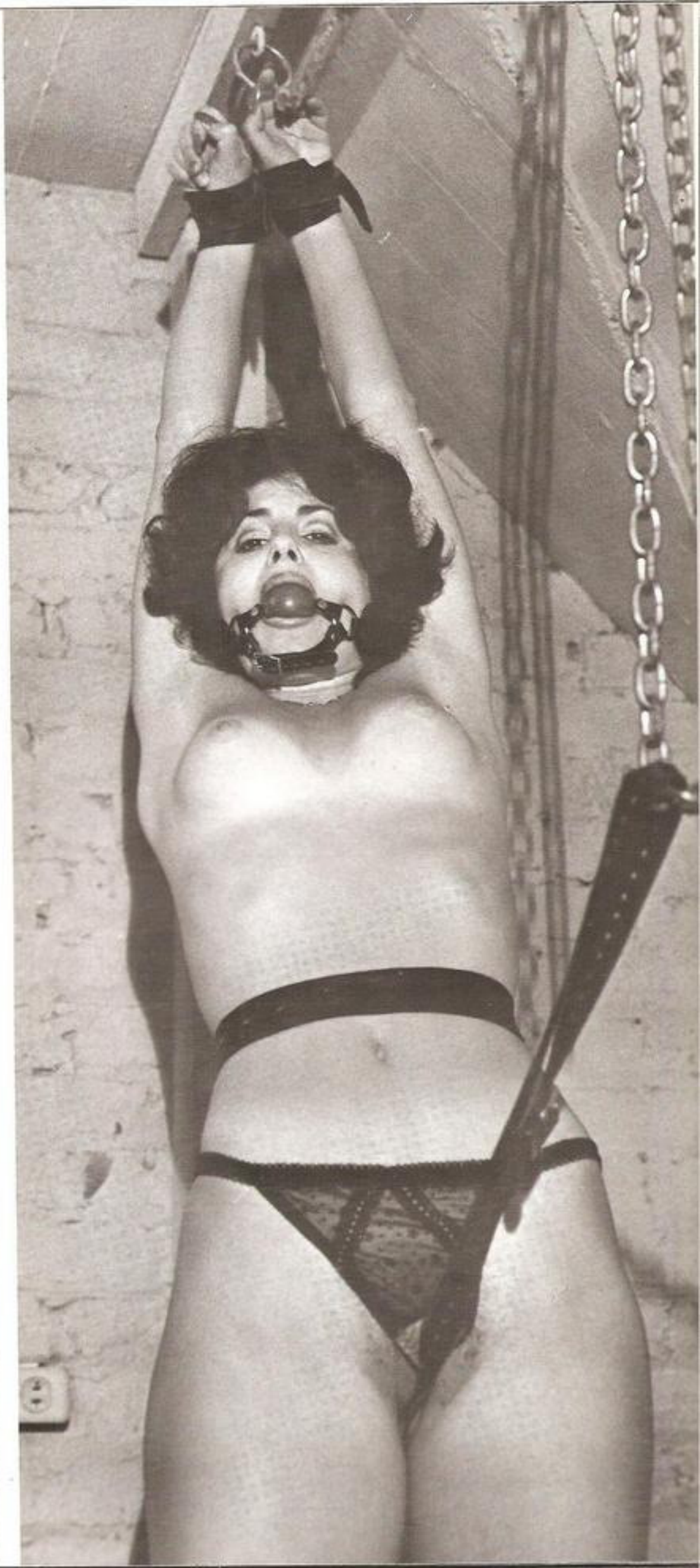


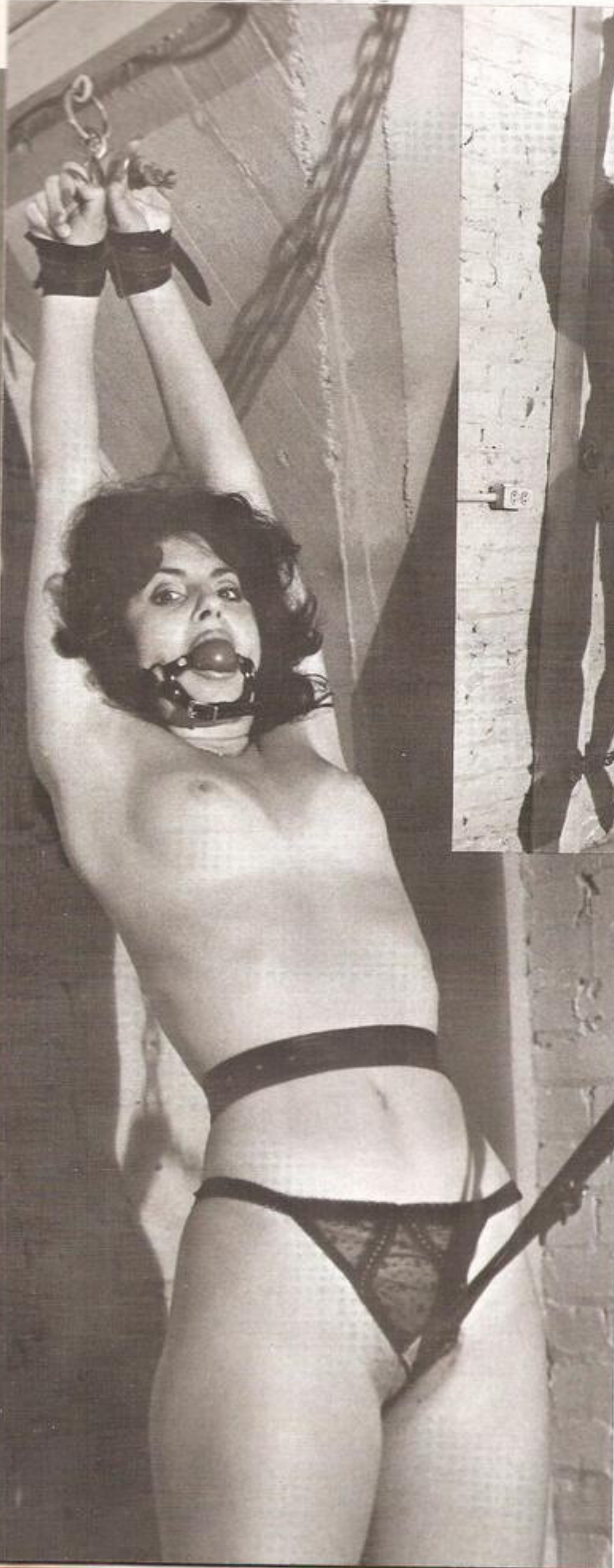
I am often asked if I enjoy my work. What a ridiculous question! Of course! How could any patriotic citizen not enjoy employment as a servant of the divine will of the people? I enjoy my work because my work does good. I punish the guilty. I protect the innocent from them by keeping them locked and strapped and roped and chained and caged away from decent society, and by giving them strict punishment so that they will not repeat their crimes. I am a great believer, for example, in making the punishments fit the crimes, in the words of that silly bourgeois English writer of melodramas...Gillivan, is it?

For example, this cow's crimes all stemmed from the actions and reactions of two organs of her body: her mind, and her sex. I punish both. The mind is chastised with humiliation and fear. The sex, what Westerners in their ever-present attempts to be "cute" about serious things call the "pussy," is given pain. It deserves it too.

I use rope. I thread ropes through the offending organ, and pull them tightly until pressure brings the proper response I require. Sometimes, on some of the days pictured in the photographic evidence I include with this file, I only require a whimper of submission. On those occasions, the prisoner's pussy is only lightly pressed by the ropes and straps.

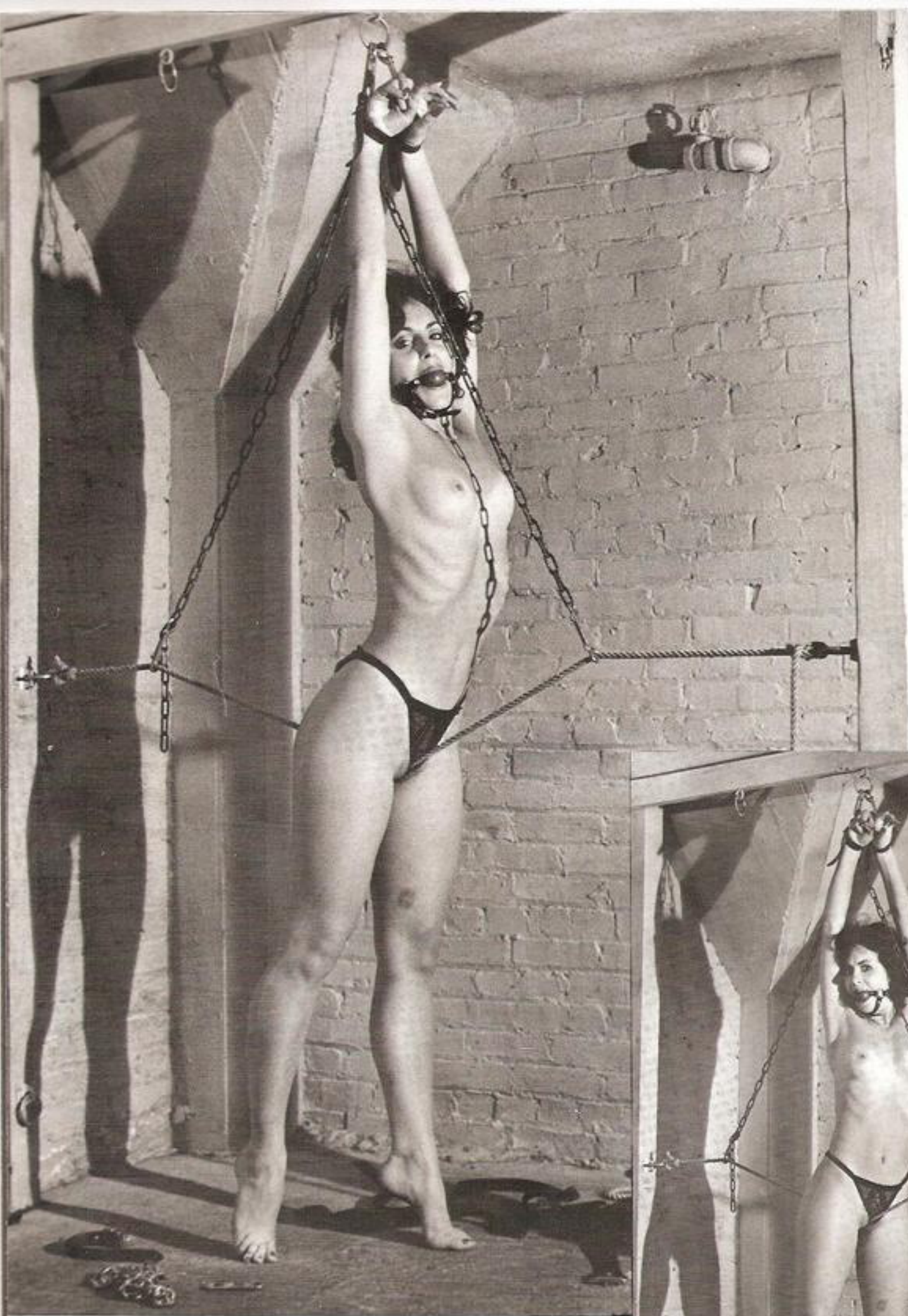






On other occasions, however, I demand screams. I may decide to be perverse and stifle those screams with a thick wad of gagging material, or even a humiliating harness with a foul-tasting rubber ball that fills the mouth behind the teeth and plugs up her babbling face so that only muffled grunts can be heard when she screams. But screams must be present, even when not actually heard, on the days when the prisoner is to be severely reprimanded. On those days, the ropes through her crotch are tight, harsh, and unforgiving of the slightest wiggle.







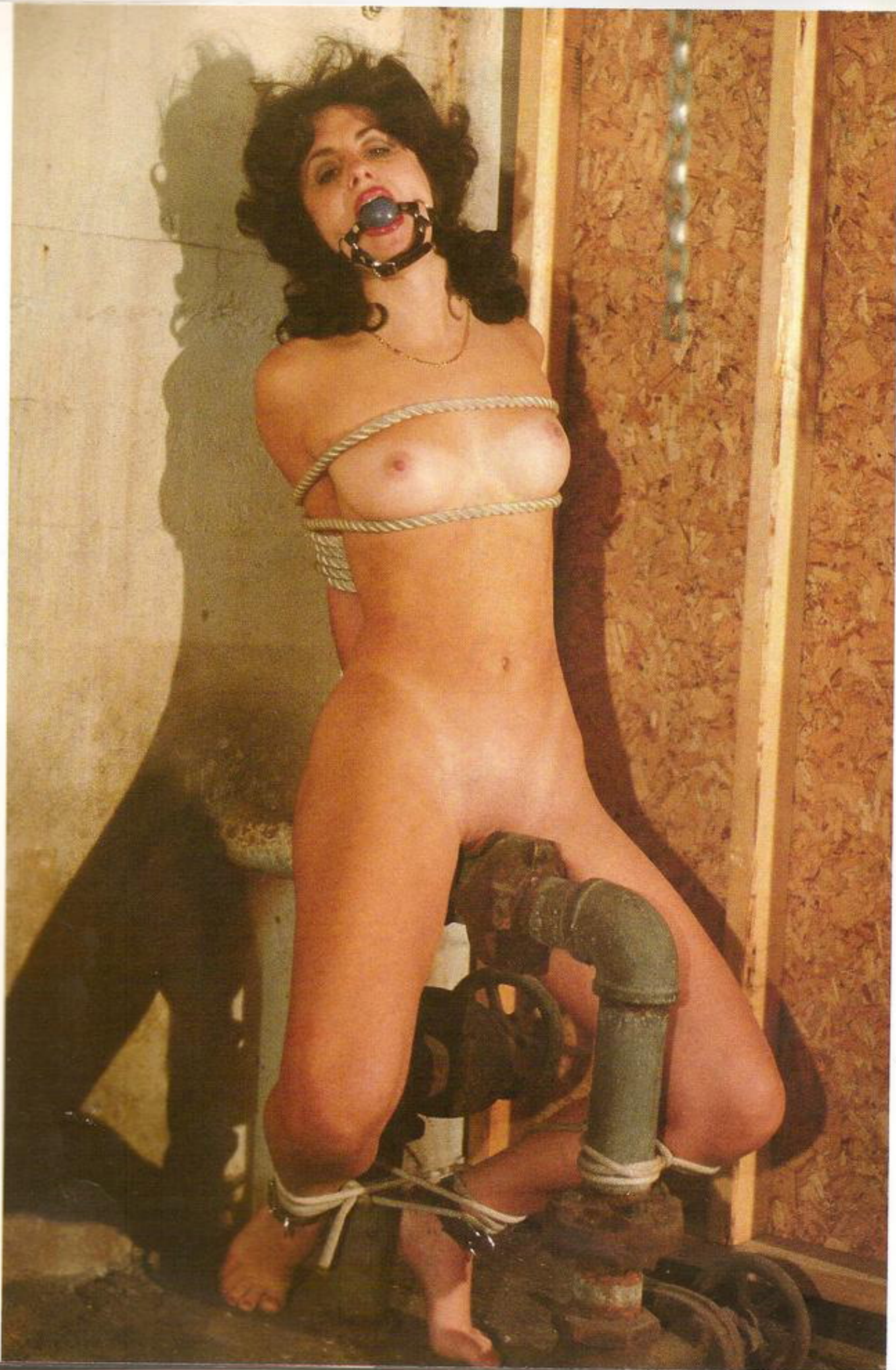


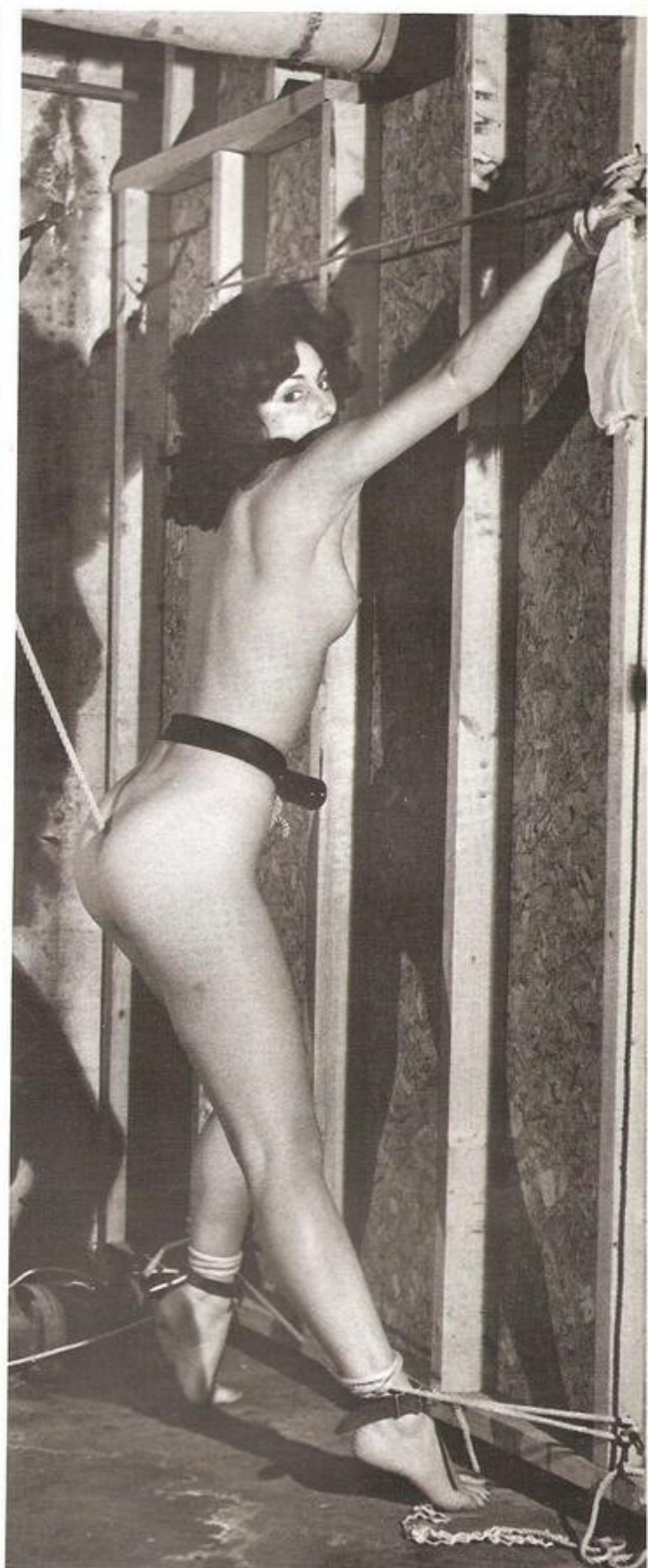


Of course, it is part of her conditioning process that the punishments must vary from day to day, as well as that their severity must increase and diminish. This gives her contrast. It gives her perspective. And, since she never knows at what hour of the day or night she will be dragged from her cell and strung up in some position of punishment, it keeps her will suppressed as well. It is hard to brace oneself against the unknown. This prisoner never knows what is going to happen to her next. All she knows is that she will not like it. Not one damn bit, the little bitch whore slut!



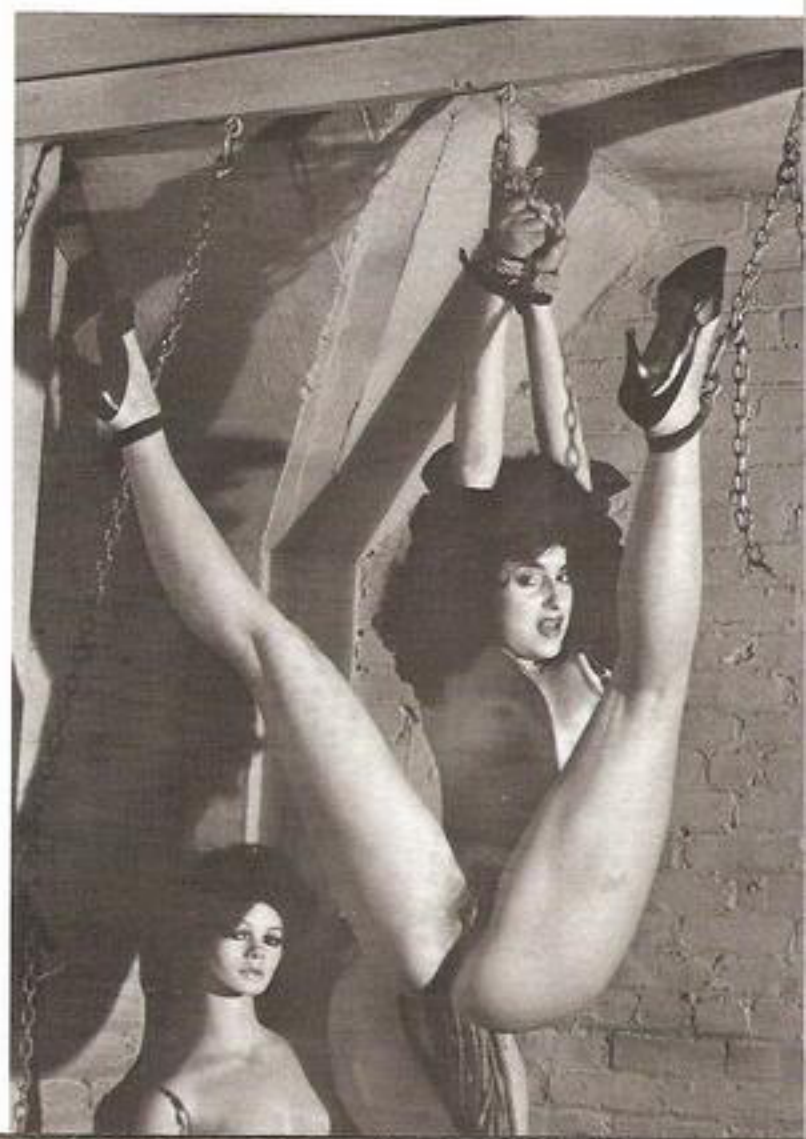














Beg pardon, I digress. As I was saying, there is a science to punishing a convicted prisoner. It is the science of the unexpected. I mentioned her cell. It is hardly even that. It is a cold stone chamber not four feet square. It has many fixtures in which her arms and legs and neck can be locked to put her into amusing attitudes. One day she may be hung by her thumbs for hours. Another she may find herself upside down, dangling by her knees from steel shackles or hempen ropes.



Her cell is not a home to retire to. It is but another incarnation of the larger and more sinister punishment chambers elsewhere in the complex. We employ all kinds of devices here, only a few of which are on display in the accompanying photos.

For example, a good punishment that this cunt has been given just before these particular photos on this page were taken is an enema. There is nothing so humiliating for a slut like this one as to bind her bent over with her firm, spankable ass in the air, and then to ram a stiff, intruding nozzle into her anal opening, thrusting it deeply and harshly as she squirms to escape. She cannot. If I decide to plug her ass with a hose and then pump hot or cold water into her, she cannot resist me. If I decide to use an inflatable nozzle that adds more pressure to her predicament, she is helpless to disagree. If I choose to whip her ass as it is skewered thus, she will take her whipping and scream and moan all she likes but she will be whipped just the same. Prisoners of the State have no say in their futures. That is the message that this sort of "therapy" sends to her body, mind, and soul.







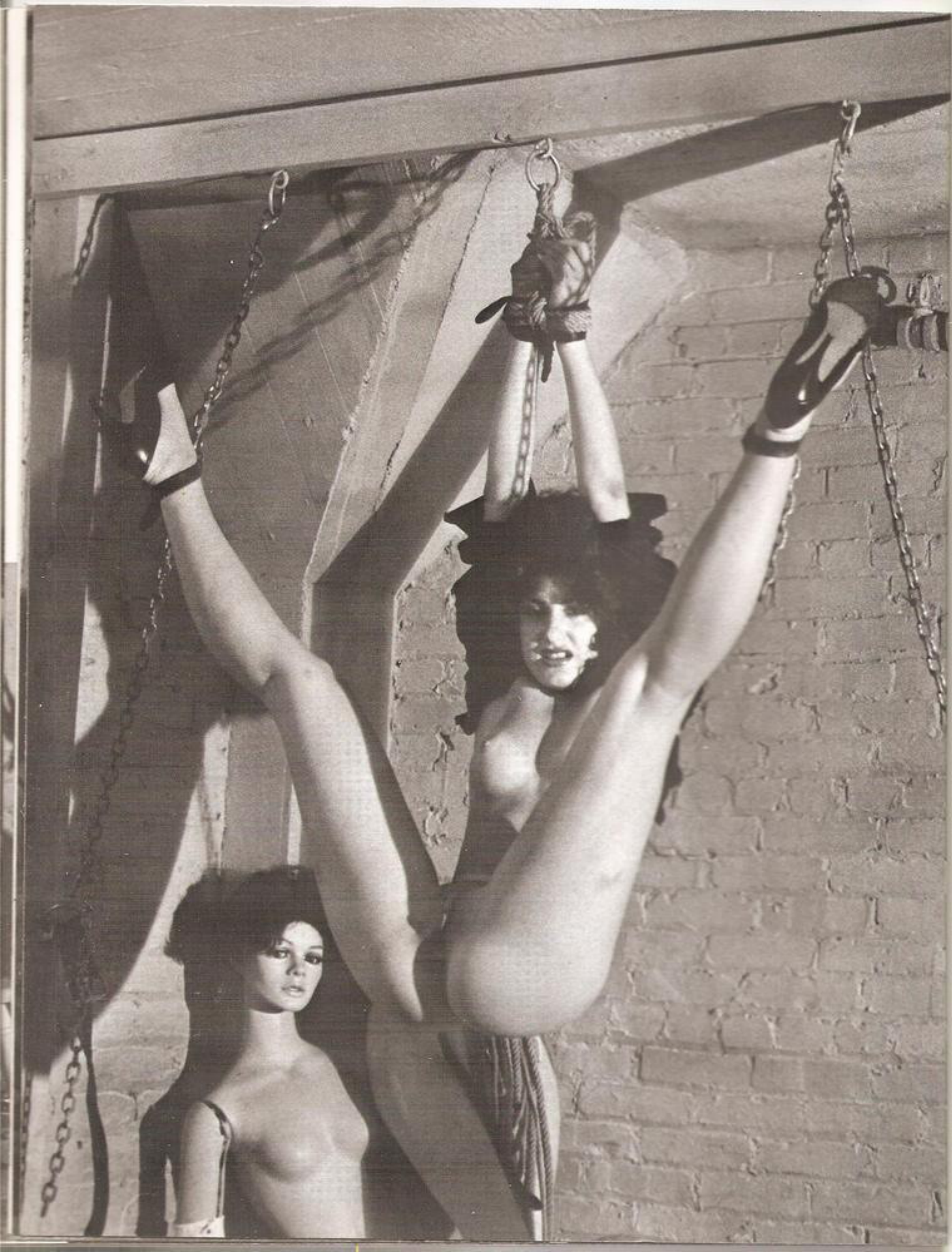


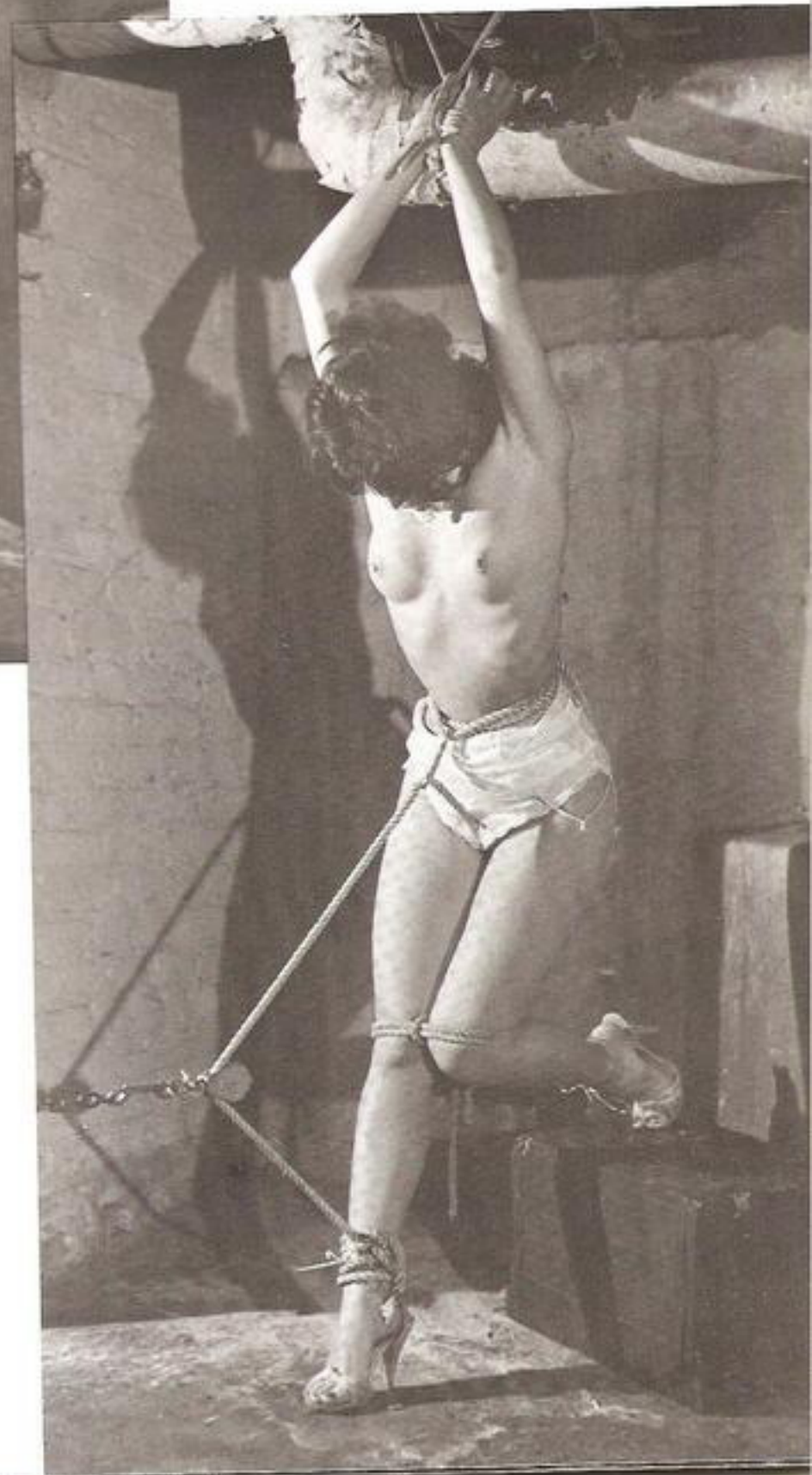


Speaking of whips, it is a common practice here at this institution to whip areas not commonly thought of as whippable. We go well beyond striped backs and reddened buttocks here, though those are, admittedly, pleasing to the eye and the intellect.

I speak, of course, of breasts. This prisoner will, after I finish this report, be taken to a special punishment chamber where her body will be bound tightly with her chest thrust forward, and where I, myself, will personally thrash her breasts until they glow. I have always found that the best instruments for this purpose are nature's own, and have been soaking a firm bundle of young switches pruned from a favored peach tree in the Warden's garden in salt brine and vinegar for a week in preparation for this chastisement of P24601.

It seems to be a fitting punishment for one who used sex as a weapon. Now I use a weapon against her sex. Speaking of which, I may very well give a swat or twelve to her firm young pubes too. Perhaps I shall shave them first, slowly and with a long and frightening straight razor to further humiliate and terrorize the cunt.





Do I like my work? Do I enjoy punishing former social parasites like Prisoner Flynn here? Do I appreciate this chance to serve society and mete out its proper retribution to convicted whores and sluts?

Of course I do. They deserve every moment of pain I can give them. For as long as they are sentenced to it. At any moment of any hour of any day of any year of their term of slavery to the state.

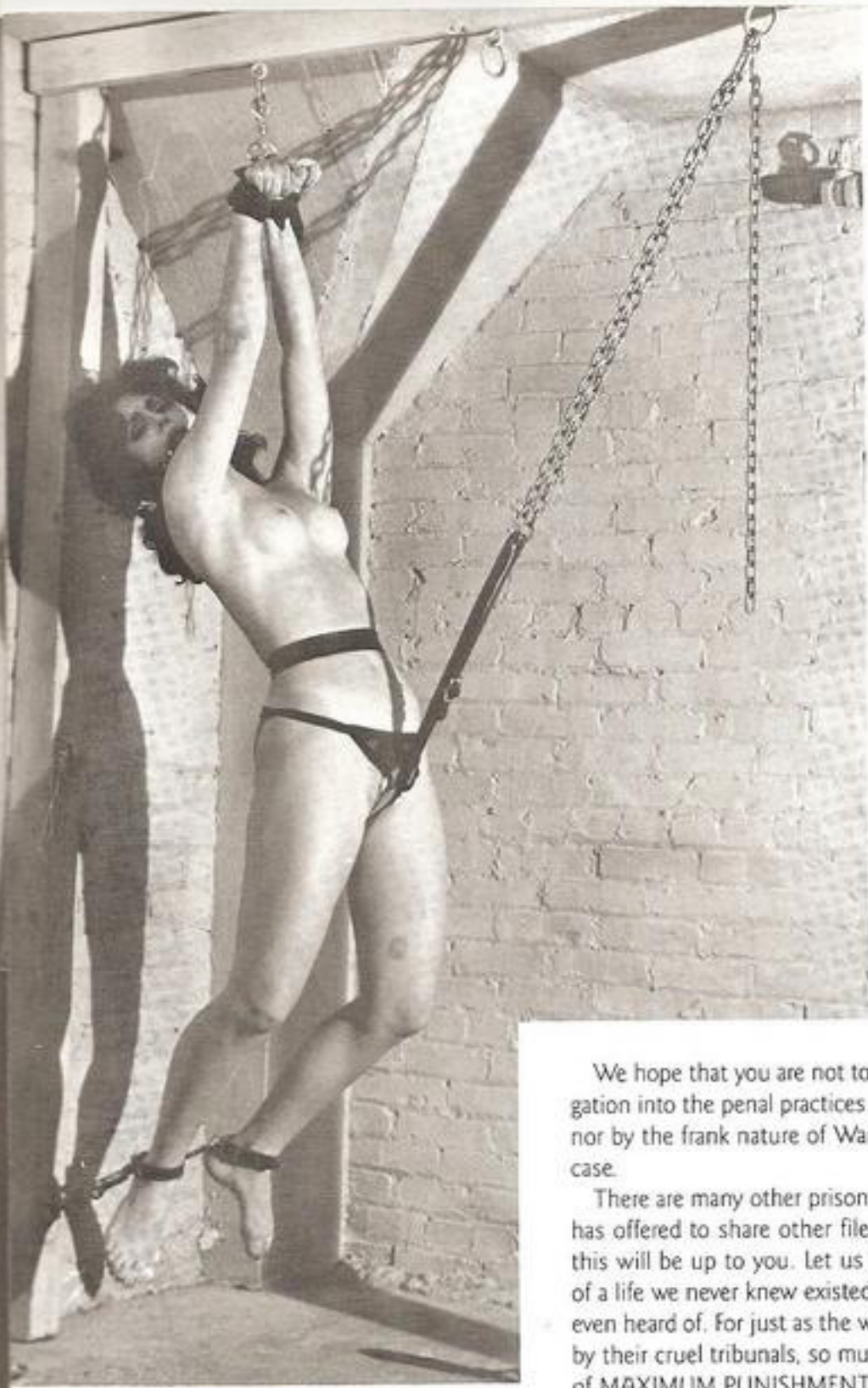
This cunt is mine for another ten years. Her judge was lenient. It was a first offense. I shall do my part to make sure it is her last offense as well. For as much as I love my work on her...I am sure that she does not love receiving it.

Too bad. Its not supposed to be pleasurable. This is punishment—Maximum Punishment. And no matter how much it pleases me to be its deliverer, I am only an instrument of the people's will.

If you will excuse my haste, I have a date with P24601 and a bundle of brine-soaked switches. You wouldn't want me to keep them both waiting now, would you?







We hope that you are not too shocked by this documentary investigation into the penal practices of the Peoples Democracy of Danabon, nor by the frank nature of Wardress DeVere's notes on this particular case.

There are many other prisoners in the cells of Wardress DeVere. She has offered to share other files with us in the future. The reality of this will be up to you. Let us know how you feel about these slices of a life we never knew existed in a far off land most of us have never even heard of, for just as the woman prisoners of Danabon are judged by their cruel tribunals, so must you be the judge of this first edition of MAXIMUM PUNISHMENT. If you want a second, it is up to you.

The preceding publication was presented as a public service, so that we may all see what might happen in any nation should the forces of repression and puritanical totalitarianism ever take control, making sexual pleasure a crime and punishing joy with an iron hand and will... even ours. Consider yourselves warned.

